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Ingram's universal
songster

London

[18--]

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NO. 3, PRICE ONE PENNY,

INGRAM'S UNIVERSAL SONGSTER.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.

A Blessing on the Outward Bound.	Man the Life Boat.
Bonnets of Blue.	Never Interfere Between a Man and His Wife.
Cheer, Girls, Cheer.	Oh! Yes, I'll Leave Old England.
Come to me Dearest.	She Came to Me in Winter Time.
Don't say One Thing and mean Another.	Tubal Cain.
Flow on thou shining River	Thou Art Gone from My Gaze.
Harry Bluff.	The Mistletoe Bough.
He'll Never Return to his Kathleen Again.	The Slave Chace.
Have Faith in One Another	The Irish Emigrant.
I'm a Gent.	The Cavalier.
I cannot leave Old England	The Fairy Bride.
I'm Afloat.	Viva Victoria.
I will Love Thee to the last	We Yet may Meet Again.
Let us be Happy Together	Will Watch.
Let us Speak of a Man as we find Him.	When I Heard He was Married.
Mary of Argyle.	

LONDON:

Printed and Published by G. INGRAM, 3, BRITANNIA
STREET, CITY ROAD.

PAGINATION BEGINS

68

WE YET MAY MEET AGAIN.

Though sorrow's cloud is o'er us now,
And I must soon depart,
Perhaps for years, in foreign lands
To roam with aching heart;
We still may hope that happier days
In store for us remain;
And though we part in anguish now,
We yet may meet again.

Ah! well I know when far away
You oft will think of me;
For truth is in thy gentle voice;
And breathes I love but thee
Then faithful still, in every clime
We'll wake the cheering strain;
Though distance may divide us now,
We yet may meet again.



LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

Music Published by Williams, Cheapside.

Let us speak of a Man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
That from vice we are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by in scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honours now.

Let us speak of a Man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say.

66

If he's frail, then, a kind word will bind him,
When coldness would turn him away;
For the heart must be barren indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom,
Then pause ere you cause it to bleed;
On a smile, or a frown, hangs its doom.



LET US BE HAPPY TOGETHER.

Come, let us be happy together,
For where there's a will ther's a way;
And the heart may be light as a feather,
If maxims like mine hold their sway,
First pack up a store of contentment,
Who knows not the way is a dunce,
If wrong'd never dream of resentment
Get rid of such folly at once.

Listen to me! listen to me!
Be kind, 'tis the way to meet kindness,
If not, what's the use of regret?
Rail not on the world for its blindness,
But pity, forgive, and forget!

Our old friends, no doubt, will be true friends,
The longer, why love them the more;
But shut not your eyes against new friends,
Though one be but true in a score.
Prize the one you have proved, as a jewel!

With which it were madness to part;
Who would carelessly throw by the fuel
That keeps up the warmth of the heart?
Listen to me! listen to me!

Of true souls how good the communion,
Throughout the wide world as we roam?
To preserve, then, the strong chain of union
Let us rivet the fond links at home.

NEVER INTERFERE BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

Mr. Burns and his wife,
Had at breakfast a strife,
He wanted bread and butter with his tea;
Says she, I'll rule the roast,
For we'll have a plate of toast,
And to logger-heads with him, went she.

On the very next floor,
Lived a one Mr. Moore,
A man very strong in the wrist!
He over heard the clutter,
About toast and bread and butter,
And he knock'd down Mr. Burns with his fist!

Says he, Burns, odds my life,
You shan't beat your wife,
It's both a sin and disgrace!
You fool, says Mrs. Burns,
It's no business of yours,
And she smak'd a cup of tea in his face!

Now poor Mr. Moore,
As he sneak'd to the door,
Cried I'm surely a man without brains;
If two married folks are flouting,
And a stranger poeakes his snout to
Why he's sure to get it twik'd for his pains.

In future I'll take care,
That I don't interfere,
But straight for a Peeler I'll call;
And he may settle his strife,
With his very loving wife,
Before his Worship, the Mayor, at Guildhall.

THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

Published by Jeffery's and Co. Soho-square.

Thou art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream,
 And I seek thee in vain by meadow and stream ;
 Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by ;
 But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's lone sigh.
 In the stillness of night, when the stars mildly shine,
 My heart fondly holds a communion with thine ;
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
 That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

Of the birds in thy bow'r now companions I make,
 Ev'ry simple wild-flower can I peize for thy sake ;
 The deep woods and dark wilds now a pleasure impart,
 For their solitude suits my sad sorrow worn heart.
 Thou art gone from my gaze, but I will not repine,
 Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine,
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
 That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.



I'M A GENT.

As sung by Mr. Wright.—AIR, I'm Afloat.

I'm a gent, I'm a gent, I'm a gent ready made :
 I roam through the Quadrant and Lowther Arcade ;
 I'm a registerd swell from the top to the toe ;
 I wear a moustache and a light paletot.
 I've a cane in my hand, and a glass at my eye,
 And I wink at the girls, damme, as they go by :
 Then, lor, how they giggle, to win my regards !
 And I hear them all say, He's a gent in the Guards !
 I'm a gent, I'm a gent, in the Regent street style,
 Examine my waistcoat, and look at my tile !

There are gents, I dare say, who are handsomer far,
But none that can puff with such ease a cigar.

I can sing a flash song, I can blow on the horn,
I like sherry coblers, I'm fond of Cremorne;
I love the Cellarius, the Polka I dance,
And I'm rather attached—to a party—from France.
The girl I adore is a creature divine.
Tho' dev'lish partial to lobsters and wine
She was struck with my figure, and caught with a hook,
For I took her to visit my uncle the Duke.

I'm a gent, &c.



MARY OF ARGYLE.

As sung by Mr. Gorden at Evans's, Covent Garden.

I have heard the mavis singing
 His love song in the morn;
I have seen the dew-drop clinging
 To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheer'd me,
 At the evening's twilight close.
And I've seen an eye still brighter
 Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
 And thine artless winning smile;
That made thee mine for ever,
 Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may loose its sweetness,
 And thine eye its brightness, too;
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,
 And thy hair its sunny hue,
Still to me wilt thou be dearer,
 Than all the world shall own.

I have lov'd thee for thy beauty,
 But not for that alone;
 I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary!
 And its goodness was the wile,
 That made thee mine for ever,
 Bonny Mary of Argyle.



WILL, WATCH.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the northward
 blew keenly,
 While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
 A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue then
 serenly
 Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
 Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip, if well ended,
 Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore,
 When his pockets where lin'd, his life should be mended,
 The laws he had broken, he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim'd, made her port, took her lading,
 Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried
 This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
 In dock I can lay, serve a friend too besides.
 Will lay too, 'till night came on darksome and dreary,
 To croud every sail, then he pip'd up all hands;
 But a signal soon spid, 'twas a prospect uncheerly,
 A signal that warn'd him to bare from the land.

The Phillistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no head
 on't;
 Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun,
 Should my head be blown off I shall n'er feel the want
 on't;
 We'll fight while we can, when we can't boys we'll
 run.

Thro' the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing.

Oh, oh! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand my tight tars, ne'er think about sheering.

One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown

But should I be pop'd off, you my mates, left 'behind me,
Regard my last words, see them kindly obeyed;
Let no stone mark the spot, and friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would
be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it,
Then sheer'd and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night, his last wish was compli'd with,
To few known his grave, and to few known his end,
He was born to the earth by the crew that he died with.
He'd the prayers of his Susan, the tears of his friends.
Near his grave dash the billows, the wind loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning, points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless
fellow,
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.



WEN I HEARD HE WAS MARRIED.

When I heard he was married,
I stood not alone
The eyes of all around me
Were fixed on my own.
I knew that they watched me,
My grief to deride,
And the smile on my cheek,
Was an effort of pride.
That night at the banquet,

Few lingered so long,
 Few seemed so entranced,
 By the dance and the song,
 I dreaded to go
 To the home where I dwelt,
 All thought me unfeeling,
 None knew what I felt,
 When I heard he was married
 When I heard he was married

Oh, I knew he was married,
 My last hope was gone,
 I rushed to my chamber,
 Desereted, alone.
 I tore the bright circle
 Of gems from my hair;
 I wept not, I sank down
 In tearless despair.
 Yet the ball and the banquet,
 Again I have sought,
 I have tried to escape
 From the anguish of thought.
 None knew for his welfare,
 How in prayer I have knelt,
 All thought me unfeeling,
 None knew what I felt
 When I heard he was married?
 When I heard he was married.



I CANNOT LEAVE OLD ENGLAND.

I cannot leave Old England,
 And yet I hear them say,
 My lot will still be chequ'd
 With sorrow if I stay;

It is not wealth I covet,
 I only ask to share
 The blessings, few or many,
 That Heav'n may deign to spare;
 I grieve to part from many,
 I never more may see,
 But England, dear old England,
 It still my home shall be.
 But England. &c.

I cannot leave Old England,
 Yet thickly fall my tears
 When parting from the dear ones,
 I've lov'd thro' many years;
 Oh! may their lot be brighter
 Than mine is doomed to be!
 Yet grant me still contentment,
 'Tis wealth enough for me.
 Life's sun will soon be setting,
 Beneath my native sky,
 In England, dear Old England,
 There let me live and die.
 I England, &c.



COME TO ME, DEAREST.

Come to me dearest! the light faintly creeping
 Through thy clos'd window, has guided me here,
 From the blue heavens the pale stars are peeping;
 Come with thy starry eyes, sweet one and dear!
 Hark! thro' the pine trees, the night breeze is sighing,
 In the dark forest the branches make moan,
 On the breast of the stream the soft moon-beam is lying.
 Come to me, dearest! for I am alone.
 Come to me, dearest! all nature's reposing,

Why should my troubled heart never know rest?
 Even the flowers in slumber are closing,
 The dove, with her mate, sleeps in peace in her nest.
 Ask of thy gentle heart—list to its beating—
 Something to cling to, thou know'st it would own,
 Under thy window, I wait for the meeting,
 Come to me, dearest! for I am alone.



SHE CAME TO ME IN WINTER TIME.

She came to me in winter time,
 When diamonds fell in show'rs,
 That fring'd the trees with fairy light,
 And gemm'd the rustic bow'rs.
 Her cheeks then mock'd the Holly's fruit—
 Her brow the sunlit snow—
 Her eyes of clear celestial blue,
 With love did over-flow.
 She came to me in youthfull prime,
 With anxious trembling heart;
 I feel I never can forget
 The joy she did impart.

She came to me in winter time,
 And own'd a passion pure,
 That lighted by truth's constant flame
 Must ever fix'd endure.
 Affection's sparkling tear then shone—
 And linger'd on its way;
 Like that bright sun-illumin'd star,
 Which decks the frozen spray.
 She came to me in winter time,
 With anxious trembling heart,
 Indeed I never can forget
 The joy she did impart.

THE FAIRY BRIDE.

Oh! come with me o'er earth and sea,
 In fairy land shall thy bright home be ;
 And the perfum'd cell of a sweet blue-bell,
 Shall rock thee to sleep where the fairies dwell.
 I 'll weave thee a crown for thy flowing hair,
 I 'll gem it with dew-drops from the flowret's fair
 And yon bright star that is shining now,
 Shall light them up on thy pearly brow.

Then come with me o'er earth and sea,
 In fairy land shall thy bright home be ;
 And the perfum'd cell of a sweet blue-bell,
 Shall rock thee to sleep where the fairies dwell.

Oh! come with me, I have gifts so rare,
 That none of the children of earth may share ;
 I 'll teach thee to weave my own bright spells,
 That only are known where the fairy dwells.
 Then come when the nightingales' sweet lay
 In echo whispers and dies away
 And our magical car shall glide along
 To the cloud-wall'd home of the fairy throng.

Then come with me, &c.



I WILL LOVE THEE TO THE LAST.

When the moon is on the waters,
 I will hasten love to thee ;
 For of all earth's fairest daughters,
 Thou the dearest art to me.
 Tho' rude winds may ruffle the ocean,
 Still my bark shall tempt the sea ;
 And in strains of pure devotion,
 I will sing love's song to thee
 When my star of hope was waning.

There was but one haert true;
 And which shar'd without complaining,
 All the illa my bosom knew;
 It was thine my gentle Mary,
 Thou wert all the world to me,
 And how ever fortune vary,
 I will still be true to thee.

Thou wert dear to me in childhood,
 When the rosebud on its tree,
 As it blossom'd in the wild wood,
 Was an emblem love of thee.
 In thy youth thou wert still dearer,
 With the dawn of reason came
 Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,
 Tho' they bore not yet love's name,
 But thy woomhood unfolding,
 Won the secret from my heart,
 And my life was in thy holding,
 For t'was death from thee to part.
 I have lov'd thee gentle Mary,
 I have lov'd thee thro' the past,
 And however fortune vary,
 I will love thee to the last.

oooooooo

HE'LL NEVER RETURN TO HIS KATHLEEN. AGAIN.

A daughter of Erin, with care-stricken cheek,
 Breathed her plaint to the waves which in slumber
 reclined,
 How dark was her fate! and her accents how weak,
 As she mingled her gloomy lament with the wind;
 The sound of her wild harp was born o'er the tide,
 The taverns around her re-echoed the strain,

She sang of her lover, and mournfully cried,
He'll never return to his Kathleen again.

Alas! that such beauty by heaven should be given
To live but awhile in this world of decay;
Of blossoms, the fairest, is earliest riven,
The beauty of Kathleen soon withered away,
Her strain of despair o'er the billows she sighed,
The caverns around her re-echoed the strain,
She sang of her lover, and mournfully cried,
He'll never return to his Kathleen again.



HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

As sung by Mr. Walker, at Evans's, Covent Garden

Have faith in one another,
When ye meet in friendship's name,
For the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same,
Though your path in life may differ.
Since the hour when first we met,
Have faith in one another,
Ye may need that friendship yet.
Have faith in one another,
When ye whisper love's fond vow,
It will not be always summier,
Nor be always bright as now.
And when Winter comes o'er ye,
If some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another,
Ye shall never more despair.

Have faith in one another,
For should doubt alone incline,
It would make the world a desert,
Where the sun would never shine.

We have all some transient sorrow,
 That o'er shadows us to day,
 But have faith in one another,
 And it soon shall pass away.
 Have faith in one another,
 And let honor be your guide,
 And let truth alone be spoken,
 What ever may betide.
 The false may reign a season,
 And, oh! doubt not that it will,
 But have faith in one another,
 And the truth shall triumph still.



FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Music at Jefferys, and Co. Soho-square

Flow on, thou shining river,
 But ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella's bower, and give her
 The wreaths I fling o'er thee;
 And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be,
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
 Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither,
 Upon the cold bank there;
 And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.

VIVA VICTORIA.

Rouse, ye lovers of peace and order,
 Of true freedom with honor united,
 Rally round the old banner of union—
 And it's glory shall never be blighted.
 We have bold hearts in Briton's dominions,
 Who dare all a freeman should dare—
 But the Throne and the Queen be our watch-word,
 And let traitors and foemen beware.

Viva Victoria! Viva Victoria!
 Strength to the Throne! health to the Queen!
 Viva Victoria!

We'll have peace, but it must be with honor,
 We have need of no new name in story,
 But if war sound the tocsin, then Britain
 Still has heroes enough for her glory!
 Shame the brawlers who trade on sedition,
 Misleaders who traffic in lies.
 And beware, lest these self-seeking martyrs,
 Would-be-lions—prove wolves in disguise.
 Viva Victoria, Viva Victoria,
 Strength to the Throne, health to the Queen,
 Viva Victoria, &c.

By the head, or the hand, if he toiletts,
 May the honest man live by his labour,
 But the drone, who can work, but wan't work,
 Shall not rest on the strength of his neighbour.
 To the Throne, as the safeguard of freedom,
 By our birthright allegiance we swear,
 For the Queen as the monarch of freedom,
 To the King of All, be our prayer.
 Viva Victoria, Viva Victoria,
 Strength to the Throne, health to the Queen.
 Viva Victoria.

MAN THE LIFE BOAT.

Composed and Sung by Mr. Henry Russell.

Man the life boat, man the life boat,

Help!—or yon ship is lost;

Man the life boat, man the life boat,

See how she's tempest tossed.

No human power, in such an hour,

The gallant bark can save;

The mainmast gone and hurrying on,

She seeks her watry grave.

Man the life boat, man the life boat,

See the dread signal flies;

Ha—she has struck, and from the rock,

Despairing shouts arise.

And one there stands and rings his hands,

Amid the tempest wild;

For on the beach he cannot reach,

He seeks his wife and child.

Man the life boat, man the life boat,

Now ply the oars amain—

Your pull be strong—your stroke be long

Or all will yet be vain.

Life saving ark, yon doomed bark

Immortal souls doth bear.

Not gems untold—nor gold, nor wealth untold,

But men—brave men are there.

Speed the life boat, speed the life boat

Oh, God! their efforts crown;

She dashes on, the ship is gone—

Full forty fathoms down—

Ah, see the crew are struggling now,

Amid the billows' roar,

They're in the boat, they're all afloat,

Hurrah!—they've gained the shore.

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 Rally round the old banner of union—
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But men—brave men are there.

Speed the life boat, speed the life boat

Oh, God! their efforts crown;

She dashes on, the ship is gone—

Full forty fathoms down—

Ah, see the crew are struggling now,

Amid the billows' roar,

They're in the boat, they're all afloat,

Hurrah!—they've gained the shore.

THE SLAVE CHASE.

Composed and Sung by Mr. Henry Russell.

Set every stitch of canvas to woo the fresh'ning wind,
 Our bowsprit points to Cuba, the coast lies far behind,
 Fill'd to the hatches full, my boys, across the seas we go,
 There's twice 5 hundred niggers in the stifling hold below,
 A sail, what say you boys? well—let him give us chase,
 A British man-of-war you say—we'll let him try the race
 There's not two swifter vessels ever floated on the waves
 Then our tidy little schooners, well ballasted with slaves.

Now stronger yet, and stronger still, came down the fiery
 breeze,

And even fast and faster sped the strange ship on the seas;
 Flinging each rude and bursting surge in glitt'ring halos
 back,

And bearing high to heav'n aloft the English Union Jack
 Now curses on that Ensign, the slaving captain said.
 There's little luck for slavers when English bunting's
 spread.

But pack on all sail, and trim the ship, before we'll
 We'll have the niggers up my boys, and throw them in
 the sea.

Hoarse was the slaving captain's voice, and deep the
 oath he swore,

Haul down the flag, that shot's enough we don't want
 Along-side dash'd that crusier's boat, to bord and seize
 the prize;

Hark! to that rattling British cheer, that's ringing to the
 Up, up with the negroes,—speedily up,—up and give
 them breath;

Clear out the hold from stem to stern, that noisome den
 And run aloft St. George's Cross all wanton let it wave,
 The token proud that under it there never treads a slave.

CHEER, GIRLS, CHEER.

Cheer, love, cheer, no more shall we be parted,
 But in the bands of wedlock united we shall be,
 For since I left my darling I am nearly broken-hearted ;
 I've ventured for promotion across the briny sea,
 Fortune, lucky fortune, kindly smiled upon me ;
 Safely I was landed where no billows roar,
 To part again, no never, but wed with you for ever,
 You are the darling of my heart, the girl that I adore.

CHORUS.

Cheer, love, cheer, my heart for you is beating,
 Cheer, love, cheer, be merry, spruce and gay,
 Cheer, love, cheer, this is a happy meeting,
 Cheer, love, cheer, our merry wedding day.

England is well stored with plenty of provisions,
 Every thing in reason our spirits for to cheer,
 To Australia many venture, but 'tis my decision
 They would rather be in England with friends they
 love so dear.
 Far from their homes and without habitations,
 Some for ever banish'd to a distant foreign shore,
 Parted from their love and each friend and dear relation,
 Will think upon their native place they never will see
 more.

My station in life, I own is but humble,
 And for the good time coming I anxiously do wait,
 It's not all gold that glitters, its folly for to grumble,
 Give me the land of freedom, I will not emigrate ;
 Within my happy home, contented, I'll be singing,
 The little lambs are sporting and cheerfully at play,
 Hark ! don't you hear the village bells are ringing,
 Haste, love, prepare for our merry wedding day.

Pass round the grog, let the toast go round the table,
 Drink to every friend, and united we will be;
 We'll sing Sweet Home, as long as we are able,
 In the land that gave us birth, the land of liberty.
 It affords a refuge to all foreign nations,
 There is no refusal, if they a visit pay,
 No matter high or low, whatever be their station,
 So let us, love, be jovial on our wedding day.



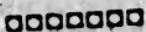
DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

The little lane, the greenwood lane
 Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing,
 For brook and bird in many a strain,
 Down vale and moor, their notes were flinging,
 But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
 No longer she her tears could smother,
 For she had learnt, at last, 'twas wrong,
 To say one thing and mean another.

'Tis right, 'tis due when hearts are true—
 To show that heart without deceiving,
 And not to speak in idle freak,
 To try if one's the power of grieving.
 In Mary's heart and Mary's mind
 She lov'd one youth, and lov'd no other,
 But Mary's tongue was apt inclin'd
 To say one thing, and mean another.

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be,
 If truth alone their words directed;
 How many a day might then be gay,
 That passeth now in tears dejected.
 Would all might learn, and all discern,

That truth keeps longest Friend or Brother;
 Then maids be kind, and speak your mind,
 Nor say one thing and mean another.



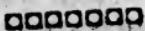
BONNETS OF BLUE.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 And wha winna wish good luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa';
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.

Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue,
 Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to Donald, the chief of the clan,
 Altho' that his band be awa.

Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write,
 There's none ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they whom the truth would excite.
 Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue



HARRY BLUFF.

Harry Bluff when a boy left his friends and his home,
 His dear native land, on the ocean to roam.

Like a sapling he sprung he was fair to the view,
 He was true British oak the older he grew,
 'Tho' his body was sleek and his hands they were soft,
 When the signal was given he was the first up aloft.
 The veterans all said that he'd one day lead the van,
 And tho' rated a boy—he had the soul of a man,
 And the heart of a true British Sailor.

When by manhood promoted and burning for fame,
 In peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same,
 So true to his love, and in battle so brave;
 May the myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave,
 In battle he fell, when by victory crown'd,
 The flag shot away fell in tatters around,
 The foe thought he'd struck, when he cried out avast!
 And the colours of old England he nailed to the mast,
 And he died like a true British Sailor.



THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

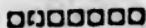
I'm sitting on the style, Mary,
 Where we sat side beside,
 On a bright May morning, long ago,
 When first you where my bride.
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lips, Mary,
 And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And the breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep listening for the words—
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the church stands near,
 The church were we were wed, Mary.
 I see the spire from here;
 But the grave yard lies between, Mary.
 And my step might break your rest;
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But oh, they love the better far,
 The few our father sends;
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride,
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to,
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Where it fifty times as fair.



THE CAVALIER.

It was a beautiful night,
 And the stars shone bright,
 And the moon on the waters played,
 When a Gay Cavalier,
 To a bower drew near,
 A lady to serenade.
 To tender words,

He swept the chords,
While many a sigh breathed he,
And o'er and o'er,
He fondly swore,
Sweet maid, I love but thee,
Sweet maid, sweet maid, I love but thee.

He raised his eyes,
To the lattice high,
While fondly breathed his hopes,
With amazement he sees,
Swing about, in the breeze,
Already, a ladder of ropes,
Up, up, he has gone,
The bird has flown!
What's this on the ground? quoth he,
It is plain that she loves—
Here's some gentleman's gloves,
And they never belonged to me.
These gloves, these gloves,
They never belonged to me.

You all would have thought
He'd have followed and sought,
That being the duelling age,
But this gay cavalier,
Quite scorned the idea,
Of putting himself in a rage.
More wise by far,
He put up his guitar,
And as homewards he went, sung he,
When a lady elopes,
Down a ladder of ropes,
She may go to Hong Kong for me,
She may go, she may go to Hong Kong for me.

TUBAL CAIN.

Composed and Sung by Mr. Henry Russell.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might, in the days when earth was young,

By the fierce red light of his furnace bright, the strokes of his hammer rung;

And he lifted high his brawny hand on the iron, glowing clear,

'Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet rout, as he fashion'd the sword and the spear.

And he sang Hurra! for my handywork! Hurra! for the spear and sword,

Hurra, for the hand that shall wield them well, for he shall be king and lord!

To Tubal Cain came many a one, as he wrought by his roaring fire,

And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade, as the crown of his own desire,

And he made them weapons sharp and strong, till they shouted loud with glee,

And gave him gifts of pearls and gold, spoils of the forest tree;

And they sang Hurra for Tubal Cain, who hath given us strength anew!

Hurra for the smith! hurra for the fire! and hurra for the metal true!

But a sudden change came o'er his head ere the setting of the sun;

And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain for the evil he had done.

He saw that men, with rage and hate, made war upon their kind,

And the land was red with the blood they shed in their love for carnage blood,

And he said, Alas! that ever I made, or that skill of
mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for man whose joy is to slay
their fellow-man?

And for many a day old Tubal Cain sat brooding o'er
his woe,
And his hand forbore to smite the ore, and his fire
smoulder'd low,
And he arose at last with a cheerful face, and a bright
conscious eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work, while the
bright flames mounted high,
And he sang Hurra for my handy work! and the red
sparks in the air,
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made, and
I've fashion'd the first ploughshare?

And sang Hurra for Tubal Cain our staunch good
friend is he,
And for the ploughshare and the plough, to him our
praise shall be,
But while Oppression lifts his head a tyrant would be
lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough, we'll not
forget the sword,



OH, YES I'LL LEAVE OLD ENGLAND

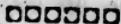
ORIGINAL.—BY S. SAUNDERS.

Oh, yes I'll leave Old England,
And embark upon the sea,
For what's the use of staying here,
To toil from day to day,
And after all my toil and care,

It's still a life of sorrow,
And here for me no joys there are,
But toil and want to-morrow.

In times gone past, Old England
It was a happy home,
But times are chang'd, and now her sons
Must seek a distant home.
For here, unless you'r bless'd with wealth,
The rich look down with scorn;
Then while I have got strength and health,
I'll o'er the seas be borne.

To Australia then I'll bend my way,
Where labour's paid tenfold;
And where a Man's esteem'd a Man!
And rewarded well with Gold.
Where all who work, are sure to thrive,
A happy,—happy land,
Where Labour has its just reward,
The pride and boast of Man,

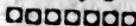


A BLESSING ON THE OUTWARD BOUND.

A blessing on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go,
From hills and dales their father's own'd
Or cottage poor and low.
'Tis no slight thing to part from home
Whate'er that home may be;
To trust a doubtful future, on
The wild and stormy sea.
But while the tide of life rolls on,
The mighty stream must flow

Then blessings on the outward bound
Wherever they may go.

A blessing on the outward bound,
The noble and the true,
Who've wrestled long with poverty,
Which they shall conquer too.
The earth was made for man to share,
And worthy it are they.
Those brave and bold adventurers
Our proud ships bear away;
To freedom and to sunny lands,
Still may the breezes blow;
May God protect the outward bound
Wherever they may go.



THE MISSELTOE BOUGH.

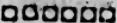
The Mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
And their Baron retainers were blythe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday;
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

Oh! the Mistletoe bough,
I'm weary of dancing, now she cried,
Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place.
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan,
And young Lovel cried, Oh! where dost thou hide,
I'm alone without thee my own dear bride.
Oh! for the Mistletoe bough.

They sought her that night, and they sought her
next day, [away]
And they sought her in vain when a week passed
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, their grief at last,
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried,
See the old man weeps for his fairy bride.
Oh! the Mistletoe bough.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh, sad was her fate—in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord, in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring,—and dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.

Oh! the Mistletoe bough



I'M AFLOAT.

Composed and Sung by Mr. Henry Russell.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the fierce rolling tide,
The ocean's my home, and my bark is my pride;
Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea,
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the rover is free,
I fear not the monarch, I heed not the law;
I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel.
Quick! quick, trim the sails, let the sheet kiss the wind,
And I warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gulls behind,
Up, up with my flags, let them wave o'er the sea;
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free.

I'm afloat, &c.

The night gathers o'er, the thunder is heard,
 What matters? our vessel skims on like a bird,
 What to her is a dash of the storm ridden main,
 She has braved it before and will brave it again.

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall—
 They may strike, they may cleave,—but they cannot
 appall;
 With lightnings above us and thunder below,
 Thro' the wild world of waters right onward we go,
 Hurra! my brave comrades, ye may drink, ye may sleep
 The storm fiend is hush'd, we're alone on the deep,
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea.

'm afloat, &c.



ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
 Where early falls the dew,
 And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
 Gave me her promise true,
 Gave me her promise true,
 And ne'er forget will I,
 But, or bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and die!

Her brow is like the snowdrift;
 Her throat is like the swan;
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e'e;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and die!

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;

And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and die!



WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW

Music by Duff and Hodgson, Oxford-street.

You have told me that you love me,
 And your heart's thoughts seem to speak,
 As you look on me so fondly,
 And the life-blood tints your cheek.
 May I trust that these warm feelings
 Never will grow cold or strange?
 And that you'll remain unaltered,
 In this weary world of change?
 When the shades of care and sorrow
 Dim my eyes and cloud my brow,
 And my spirit sinks within me,
 Will you love me then as now?

Though your youth may pass unclouded
 In a peaceful, happy home;
 Yet, as year on year advances,
 Changes must upon us come.
 For the step will lose its lightness,
 And the hair be changed to grey,
 Eyes once bright, give up their brightness,
 And the hopes of youth decay.
 When all these have passed upon me,
 And stern age as touched my brow,
 Will the change find you unchanging,
 Will you love me then as now?

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